

The

MESSENGER



The Procession with the Statue of Our Lady of Fatima
in Uganda.

*Best Wishes for a
Holy and Blessed Christmas
to all our friends and benefactors.*

of OUR LADY OF AFRICA

Volume 9

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**THE CONGREGATION OF THE
MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA
(White Sisters)**

The Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa was founded in 1869 by Cardinal Lavigerie to aid the White Fathers in Christianizing the Mohammedan and pagan women of Africa and through their means conquer the family and society. The Sisters cooperate with the White Fathers in all kinds of catechetical, medical and educational works in 143 missions scattered over the vast African Continent.

Though there are 1600 White Sisters, the number is far from being sufficient to cope with the present day needs of our missions. Sisters are needed to staff more catechetical classes, grammar, high and normal schools, as well as more hospitals, dispensaries, baby welfare centers, leprosariums, etc.

Doctors, nurses, teachers, as well as young girls without any special training, who feel called to devote their lives to foreign missionary work, would find ample scope for their zeal among the Africans.

The White Sisters receive their religious training and pronounce their vows in this country before leaving for the missions.

Any young girl who would like to become a White Sister, and thus attain her personal sanctification through active work for the evangelization of Africa, may apply to

*Mother Superior
White Sisters' Training Center
R. R. 2, Belleville, Illinois*

**SEVERAL GOOD WAYS OF HELPING
THE WHITE SISTERS**

<i>To support a sister for a year</i>	\$150.00
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<i>To provide bread for a child monthly</i>	1.00
<i>To keep a sanctuary lamp burning for a month</i>	1.00

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The Pilgrim Virgin Statue Visits Uganda

JUST AS IN AMERICA, a statue of Our Lady of Fatima is visiting Africa and many of our missions have had the pleasure and blessing of receiving the Pilgrim Statue. The pilgrimage recently reached our mission of Kisubi, Uganda, and the Superior wrote:

"When His Excellency, Bishop Cabana, arrived with the Pilgrim Virgin the whole mission was assembled to give an enthusiastic welcome to the statue of Our Lady of Fatima. A procession was formed in which the children of the outlying villages marched first. Then came the little boys of St. John's school, the girls of St. Therese's, the boys of the Technical school and the collegians, followed by thousands of men and women from the mission and the surroundings. The procession passed all around the mission buildings, including the hospital, and then the Pilgrim Statue was brought into Church and placed on the throne prepared for it.

"All during the day the church was crowded beyond capacity, while an endless stream of people continued to file before the statue. The women took their babies from their backs and lifted them up to touch the beautiful image of the Mother of God. Crowds outside, while waiting their turn to get into church, united their prayers and petitions with those inside for Russia and world peace.

"About eight o'clock a procession, in which lighted torches were carried, was again formed to escort the Pilgrim statue to our convent, where the women and girls shared the Sisters' happiness of Nocturnal Veneration."

A young girl from another mission gave the following details:

"We were very glad to have the statue of Our Lady of Fatima here about a month ago; our Legionaries of Mary carried it. What an honor! A large assembly was here at Virika. I could not count the number even if I spent ten days in doing so! Indians, pagans, Protestants, everybody was here. They all wanted

to touch the statue of our Blessed Mother. After the statue was taken away, everybody wanted the leaves, branches, etc., that had been put around her altar; they even drank the water from the flower vases! Many, many old sinners came back to church. We prayed very, very much those days."

Who can estimate the value of the prayers and sacrifices of the thousands of our dear Africans and the graces that flowed down from Heaven through the Immaculate Heart of our Blessed Mother upon the world and Russia in particular. Graces that will frustrate the powers of evil and blot out the Communists' plan.

PRAYER and PENANCE! THE PEACE PLAN OF FATIMA! has been adopted by the Christians of Africa.

Most Reverend Thomas M. O'Leary, D.D.

Bishop of Springfield, Mass.

The death of the Most Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D.D., Bishop of Springfield, Massachusetts, is a great loss to the White Sisters as well as to many other Missionary Societies.

Bishop O'Leary was a great friend and benefactor of the Missionaries, and His Excellency always encouraged his people to assist the missions. God only knows the number of souls saved and the good accomplished in the African missions, and in the missions all over the world, through the prayers and offerings of the good Bishop and those of his people.

The White Sisters extend their sincere sympathy to the priests, Sisters and laity of the diocese of Springfield.

Not only will they pray themselves for the repose of the soul of Bishop O'Leary, but they also beg their friends and benefactors to do likewise.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

To and From the Missions

Regular flights of "Aero Holland," sponsored by twenty-seven Dutch religious Orders, are helping missionaries reach their destinations in a few days now. On the 3rd and 24th of each month the chartered Dakota plane takes off from The Hague with its full passenger load of Priests, Brothers and Sisters and with stops in France, Rome, and Africa, arrives at Entebbe in Uganda in 25 hours' actual flying time.

SISTER MARY OF PEACE, who profited by the "Aero Holland" to reach her new mission, gives us an account of her trip:

"At last after an adventurous journey, I am safely settled in my new mission post. There were eleven missionary priests, two Benedictine Sisters and four White Sisters in the Missionary Plane.

"We left Marseilles at 1:45 P.M. and were thrilled by the power of the plane as it took off. It was smooth 'sailing' all the way to Rome, save for the bumps which inevitably accompany flying through the clouds. The view from our little window was nothing short of magnificent. It is a joy to watch clouds from below but to behold them at a level or from above, is breathtaking. My trip was a first class geography lesson from beginning to end. I could recognize all the land forms, etc., that I learned at college. It was wonderful getting an angel's view of Rome before landing. Rome! I have never seen anything comparable to it. Its buildings, monuments and churches are beyond description—what a taste for beauty and culture these people have!

"The passengers of the plane went on a tour the next morning and visited the most beautiful and renowned churches of the City. Every street seems to shout out its glorious past. We finally headed for St. Peter's and visited that most impressive of all God's Houses before being admitted into the public reception room of the Vatican. The crowd bubbled over with enthusiasm as the Holy Father entered smiling and extending his blessing to all. We were quite close and could see well. We left almost immediately for the airport. That night we landed at

Malta and met some delightful Maltese children before retiring. We got up at 3:15 A.M. to assist at Mass which was celebrated in the hotel lounge. The plane was refueled at Tubrouk and then flew as far as Wadi Halfa, which is almost on the southern margin of the desert. As we stepped out of the plane, a hot wind greeted us and we wondered what kind of a furnace we were walking into. It was a dry heat though, and I found it easy to bear. At the hotel, on the edge of the river Nile, we were greatly surprised to find such modern conveniences in the middle of the desert.

"Entebbe was our next stop. We spent the night with our Sisters at Kisubi. It was great to be amongst our 'own' again. The next stop was Tabora, where we were supposed to get a small 'Beach-breaker' plane. I was delighted to greet Mother Loretta and I spent the day with her, and enjoyed seeing the mission. I almost forgot to tell you we were baptized on the plane as it crossed the Equator and received a baptismal certificate officially stamped with a Coca-Cola bottle top. Due to a misunderstanding I had to return to Entebbe for the 'Beach-breaker.'

"We left early next morning and made a big detour in order to drop two White Fathers at their respective missions. Then we circled over Likuni Mission before landing. But I was not home yet, for the Sisters there informed me that I was to go to Bembeke instead. Two days later, I had the chance to 'beg a ride' with Bishop Van der Beizen who was driving to the White Fathers' mission at Bembeke. His Excellency gave me the pleasure of driving half the way.

"And here I am at last in the missions! Vacation time is just around the corner, so I will have an opportunity to learn the language and prepare my lessons. Please remember me and my work in your prayers."

Sister M. Irena, who had to make the sacrifice of her beloved mission in Likuni, Nyasaland, to staff our Novitiate in Belleville, Ill., also profited by the "Aero Holland" to return to the States. The rest of the trip from The Hague was made by steamer.

Sister Irena was on the teaching staff of the Girls' School, but the teachers devoted one day a week to visiting the villages surrounding the missions. In the following article, Sister relates the importance and the results of these visits.

Visits at Domicile in Nyasaland

VISITS AT DOMICILE are of primary importance in the missions. First of all, for the Catholics who live at the mission center, a visit to their huts from time to time assures them of our interest; it also strengthens their confidence and keeps alive cordial relations. Moreover, it is in these visits that one can discover in the native families miseries and difficulties that a kind word, a good counsel, a little spiritual or material help can alleviate.

But the field of apostolate in pagan villages located near the mission is as vast as the sea. It is startling when one considers that, at hardly three or four miles from the mission, there are villages where the natives have rarely seen white people; and who, on spying them, flee like frightened animals. Most of the African women, in this region at least, hardly ever leave their enclosure where the housewifely tasks retain them; and their horizon seems to be limited to their immediate surroundings. For these reasons the Missionary Sister must go and present herself in their midst.

Therefore, at each new mission foundation, and there is an urgent need for many

of them, the Missionary Sister must cover miles and miles, sometimes on a donkey's back, but more often on bicycle, during many months in order to make herself known to the natives and attract the sick to the dispensary. It is always in caring for their bodies that we can begin to tame these poor backward races and then win their souls for God. It is also in our visits at domicile that we can raise the morals of these poor people by appropriate conversations and encourage the children to come to the mission school. It is a long and arduous task before we are able to bring God to these souls, ignorant of most everything save their existence, filled with barbarous customs and ridiculous superstitions that are often diabolical.

In order to implant into these souls even the first notion of the spiritual, we must return again and again, exercise patience, pray, sacrifice and wait for the grace of God to do its work. In these visits to the villages we must show respect and consideration for the people and, more especially so, for the chief. We must take an interest in their individual persons, their health, their children, their fields, their food, their activities,

Sister Irena
and the
Teaching Staff
of Our
Lady's School



in a word everything that concerns them, little or great.

Then comes the question of more elevated things, always a very delicate subject to deal with; we must go gently in order not to scare them away, because most of the time, they quickly place themselves on the defensive. They feel if they are entangled into such a subject it will necessarily force them to make efforts to be good, efforts to which their nonchalant and sensual habits are absolutely refractory, and which can be achieved only with the greatest difficulty and after many heroic trials. Will they not have to give up polygamy, as well as the immoral dances so much in vogue and all the pagan customs, which even the pagan conscience does not succeed in justifying? If one lends a too complacent ear to the Missionary's words, will not the little interior voice whisper more clearly that one is not doing the right thing? Will not the natural law indicating right and wrong bounce back at the vice that tries to stifle it? And is not the Missionary the living contradiction of the African morale which is the very life of the bush pagan?

It is a fact that, wherever the word of God has not yet penetrated, one lives a life that is more animal than human. This excites in the heart of a Missionary Sister a real compassion which stimulates her to a more ardent zeal, making her ready to suffer anything in order to snatch these souls from Satan. It is then that she becomes aware of the immense difference in the advantages received from her birth and her soul swells with gratitude to her Creator and Redeemer.

It is not astonishing then, that these poor abandoned creatures plunged into darkness have degenerated to such a state. Yet the Good Shepherd loves these souls, desires each one, and exercises His power and goodness to draw them into His Fold. That is why, in her efforts to bring souls to God, the Missionary Sister is often consoled by startling proofs of divine mercy; for most of the time, even in the most despaired of cases, it seems as if Almighty God works miracles of grace to implant into the hearts of these poor pagans a desire for baptism at the hour of death.

Our visits at domicile have been the means of opening the portals of heaven to many natives when life was ebbing away. They remembered the affability of the Missionary in some former tour of the village, of her invitation to come to the mission hospital, and while their bodily ills were taken care of, the grace of God triumphed in these souls . . . but let us give a few examples . . .

For some time we were visiting an old woman in a pagan hostile village in one of the surrounding districts. She called the Sisters "her friends" and listened willingly when we spoke to her of God, but she did not want to hear anything about baptism. Her feet began to swell; and as she had no one to take care of her, we invited her to the hospital. She was nursed and a Native Sister had a talk with her every day. She was very happy at the mission; but some time later, feeling that death was near, she wished to return to her village. However, she asked to be baptized first, since there would be no one to do so at home. Thus well prepared and full of joy, she became MARIA, was taken back to her village and six days later was in her blessed eternity.

On her way to a distant village, a Sister stopped in one of the villages through which she was passing in search of the sick. Entering a hut, she found a poor dying man stretched out on the floor. Sister called the Catechist, who told her he had tried everything to bring this soul to God, but all in vain. Cinkhalwe (the great cruel one) looked indifferently at Sister; protested when she spoke of God; and said he wanted to go to the devil.

Judging the case hopeless for the time being, Sister left the hut; and with the assembled Catholic women of the village, recited an AVE MARIA for the patient.

Returning by the same route that evening, Sister again entered the dying man's hut. Helping him to a more comfortable position, and relieving his sufferings, she found his dispositions were entirely changed. He listened attentively to what she had to say and of his own accord, he asked for baptism.

Entering a Village



Sister was more or less doubtful, but Cin-khalwe made protestations of sincerity.

Touched by the prayers of her children, our heavenly Mother certainly intervened with her divine Son in favor of this poor old man, whose regenerated soul was to enter Paradise a few days later. Was it not she who guided the Missionary Sister to this unknown dying man?

A young woman, whom we had often visited in her village, terribly emaciated and in a pitiful state, arrived at the hospital. She was very much touched by the kindness shown her and she was eager to hear about the good God of the Christians. It was not long before she asked for baptism. Due to her perilous condition, her request was granted. Shortly afterwards she left for her heavenly home. Despite her great sufferings, she did not cease to make fervent acts of faith, hope and charity until the end.

The work of evangelization is not an achievement of a day or a year. However, there are many model Catholic families; and those that are isolated in the midst of a pagan village must often go through heroic struggles, in this part of Africa, to keep their faith intact. Many of these Catholics are persecuted by those about them and we know some who merit the title, Confessor of the Faith.

For sixteen years a fervent Catholic nursed his wife who was stricken with insanity. Moreover, despite the criticism and raillery of his relatives and neighbors, he did the

cleaning and cooking (work reserved for women who are considered inferior to man) rather than take another wife: "Because," as he himself said, "when I married, I promised to remain with my wife until death."

And how many more fervent souls could be brought into the Fold, if there were more Missionaries to play the part of the Good Shepherd and go after the lost sheep.

Thus after a day spent in visiting the natives at domicile, tired, but not at all discouraged, the Missionary Sister finds her way to the Tabernacle, where she places her anxieties in the Heart of the Divine Master and finds the peace and joy that comes from duty well performed for the glory of God.

Sister M. Irena, W.S.

OBITUARY

We recommend to the prayers of our Readers the souls of:

The Most Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D.D., Bishop of Springfield.

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter J. Hart of New Brunswick.

Sister M. Goverdina, W.S., Holland.

Miss Mary E. Glavin, Albany, N. Y.

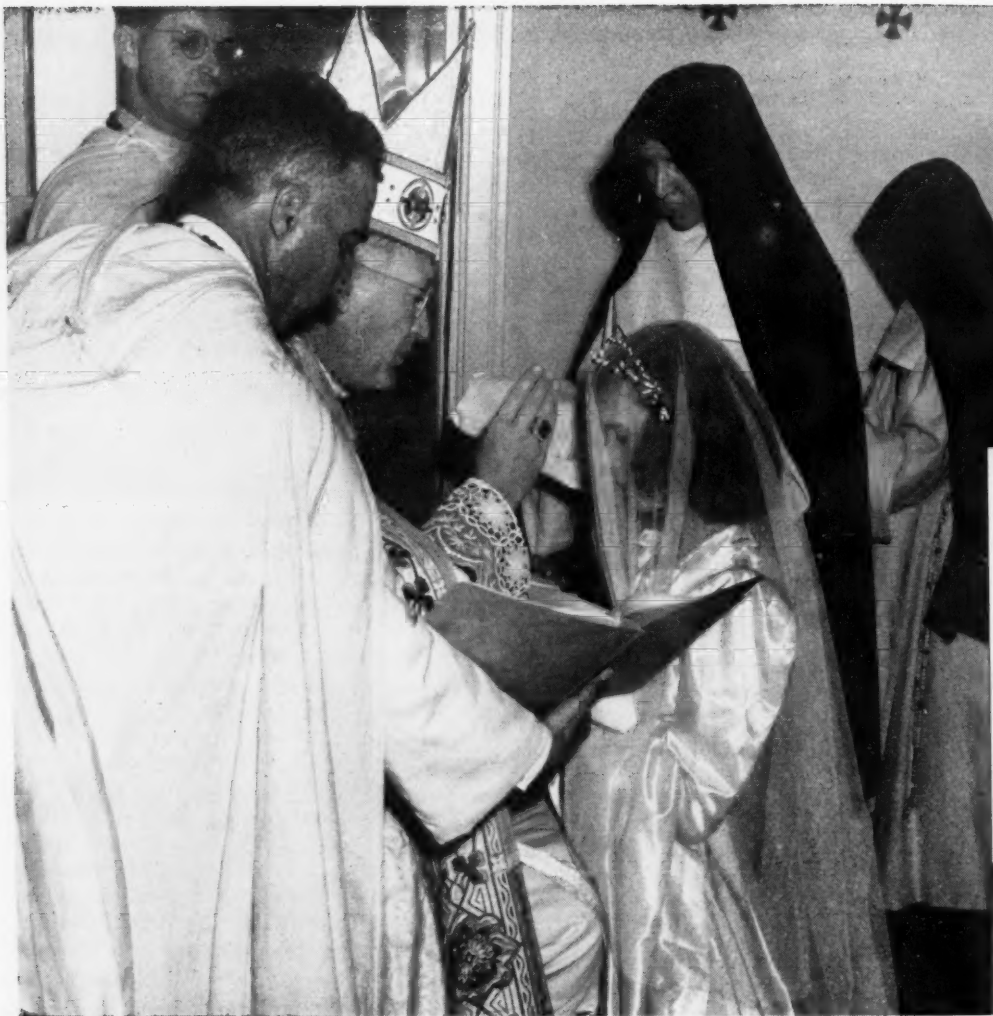
Miss Marie Y. Villa, Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Margaret Hill Broedel, Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Mary Gregory, Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. George Balint, Fords, N. J.

Mrs. Mary James, Detroit, Michigan.



Photographs through the courtesy of "The Messenger," East St. Louis.

The Postulants receive their religious habit from His Excellency.

The Clothing Ceremony at Belleville

ON ALL SAINTS DAY four postulants received the White Habit at our training center in Belleville, Illinois. The ceremony formally marked the establishment of our American Novitiate.

His Excellency, The Most Rev. Albert R. Zuroweste, D.D., Bishop of Belleville, who welcomed the White Sisters to the Diocese,

and has given them many proofs of his paternal solicitude for their well being, pontificated at the Mass. Many dignitaries of the diocese were present and the Very Rev. Alfred Richard, the American Provincial of the White Fathers, preached the sermon.

Reverend Father first told of a recent mission conference where representatives of mis-

sion Congregations had gathered to discuss the world mission situation, and their reports were unanimous in mentioning general unsettled world conditions. Then Father spoke of his recent observations made while travelling through our dear country for the purpose of making known the African missions. How the world is looking for security. How people are reaching out on all sides looking for a peace that seems to avoid their reach as their efforts become more frantic. How one has but to travel a bit and observe the individuals to become aware of the fact that

they feel this insecurity and do not have too much faith in the propositions made by shrewd statesmen and learned educators. How in the New York subways for example, people are reading such books as Monsignor Sheen's *Peace of Soul*, Merton's *Seven Storey Mountain* or *Waters of Siloe*.

After this first picture of our poor world struggling from spasm to spasm, Reverend Father drew attention to a second picture, a truly comforting one, of the peace reigning in the small Chapel and of the event taking place that morning, which would pass un-

Each one receives her name in religion.



The Clothing Ceremony at Belleville

(Concluded)

noticed to the outside world, but which was of greatest momentum for it. "Here is a second Nazareth," said Father. "A second Annunciation is taking place. God is asking these young women if they will give Him to the world again." Then addressing the postulants:

"Dear elect, the life you are entering upon today is going to make of you saintly missionaries and thus you will find that peace the world is looking for in vain. And what, you may ask me, warrants this assertion of yours? The Lord is my portion, and I may add the words of our Lord Himself: 'Take my yoke upon yourselves and learn of Me; I am gentle and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden light.' For your own benefit and information for your beloved ones, let us examine briefly what your *Fiat* to this yoke of Jesus is going to mean and what you are going to learn of Him.

"First, Jesus' yoke comes from Him through the Church and your Superiors: Obedience, Chastity and Poverty. These restrictions, as the world calls them, throw a scare in the hearts of young women who aspire to the religious state. They forget it is the yoke of Jesus. *Ubi Amatur Non Laboratur*. Where there is love there is no work or pain.

"'Learn of Me.' Jesus is becoming your Teacher. How? Through your meditations and spiritual exercises you will learn how He obeyed, how He was poor, pure, humble, patient and kind. Then you will pray that you may be made like unto Him.

"'And you will find rest for your soul.' Peace of soul! The whole world is looking for that in vain. You will find it here; Jesus says so. You are going to become full of Jesus instead of full of yourselves. This fullness of Christ will spread to others like a reservoir distributing water to the cities but remaining always full to the brim. You will be satiated, contented, overjoyed in whatever

situation you may be. 'For my yoke is easy and my burden light.'"

After Mass, the four postulants in bridal attire advanced to the Altar to receive from His Excellency the religious habit. Then they retired to change their bridal dresses for the livery of their Divine Spouse. When they returned to the Chapel, His Excellency placed the veil and a crown of roses on their heads and each one received her name in religion.

Maureen Junker from Indianapolis, Ind., became Sister Mary Grace.

Nora Indelicato from Everett, Mass., became Sister M. Francesca Clare.

Laura Peers from Watertown, Mass., became Sister M. Joseph Andrew.

Arlene Gates from Hamburg, N. Y., became Sister M. Elizabeth Ann.

After the ceremony, His Excellency stated: "This small group may be considered pioneers, since you are the first to be clothed with the habit of the Congregation here in the Diocese of Belleville. The work of the pioneer was never an easy undertaking." His Excellency admonished. "It was and will always be wrought with difficulties, hardships, sufferings and sacrifice. With the help of God you will have the grace and courage to meet these difficulties, and as the years unfold, you, the pioneers will see the fruit of your sacrifices in the harvest of souls and the vocations that will answer the appeal of the Divine Bridegroom."

Later on in an intimate talk to the community Bishop Zuroweste expressed his pleasure in this new mission movement started in his Diocese and expressed the wish that it would spread and grow and that the number of the elect of the day would multiply ten-fold.

Yes, May the number of vocations increase and multiply, for the harvest of souls is ripe in Africa but alas, the laborers are too few!

A Good Little Rascal

AT MANGU THE SISTERS not only care for orphans, but also for cast-aways. Among them I remember a little one who was brought to the mission by a Christian woman. Hearing the desperate cries of an infant in passing before a native hut, she entered and found the mother had hanged herself, leaving the baby to die of hunger. Divine Providence had destined otherwise; and the little one, after receiving the purifying water of Baptism, went to join with so many others in the praises of her Redeemer.

Nevertheless, with good care many of the babies thrive. As they grow older, there is a great difference between a little Jacobo (James) brought up at the mission and a little Ungere, who received no other training than that of a pagan mother—practically none at all.

Once we received five little brothers who were baptized Bartholomeo, Lorenzo, Jacobo, Michaeli and Andrea. They were very interesting youngsters and not wanting in intelligence.

Jacobo did something he should never have done; so he was punished for it. Sister put him in a room all alone and told him to think over his wrong-doing. But Jacobo, not being of a contemplative turn of mind, and finding the time rather long, began to chew the buttons off his pants. When Sister opened the door, instead of finding a contrite Jacobo as she had expected, there he was beaming at her in the best of humor. But the buttons having gone down his tummy, for the rest of the day, Jacobo was to be seen with an ignominious piece of string tied around his pants. That is how he learned the value of buttons.

However, these same pants had yet to undergo a sadder accident. One afternoon, Jacobo played in the dirt harder than usual. His pants were indeed very dirty and Sister had just told him to keep them as clean as possible. What would she say? She would have to look sad and scold him again and he did not like her to look sad. He chewed his five dirty fingers in turn and thought very hard. A bright idea struck him. He would wash and dry his pants before the Sister came. Washing was easy enough but the drying process was a different story. Jacobo was in a hurry and Sister might be coming at any moment. He went to the shed where a pot of maize was cooking over a bright fire. The very thing? He held his pants close to the pot while he watched the maize cooking. Alas! Jacobo had another lesson to learn. His pants caught fire and he almost burned himself. A very sad Jacobo he was this time.

Evening prayers over, Sister noticed that Jacobo was more quiet than usual. Was the child sick?

She bent over him and touched his forehead; the child sobbed out his confession. Sister consoled him and promised another pair of pants; but until they were made, Jacobo had to do with a one legged pair.

In his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" Wordsworth says: "A child learns by endless imitation." Here is a striking example of the truth of the Wordsworthian text.

Before going to Holy Communion the White Sisters lower the sleeves of their habit and conceal their hands inside. At the last Gospel they fold them back again. Jacobo, though not yet a White Sister, faithfully observed this custom. At Communion time he would turn down the sleeves of his jacket as far as he could, hiding his chubby hands inside them. Thus he would remain motionless and recollected with his hands in his sleeves until the last Gospel; then he would turn them back again. This caused so many distractions to the congregation that Jacobo was forbidden to be a White Sister any more.

Nothing daunted him. His attention was then turned to the priest at the Altar. For a day or two with arms folded and eyes fixed on the Altar he was all that a good little boy should be. However, there was something brewing in back of his head. The following Sunday, Jacobo held an imaginary censer in his hands, and he incensed the Altar once, twice, three times. Not content with this, he turned around and incensed the congregation who burst out laughing.

On the morning of my departure for my new mission, I went to bid my little friend QUAHERI (good-bye). He held up a warning finger and told me to wait. He was just giving the "Asperges" to a congregation smaller than himself, and he was not to be disturbed.

As I blessed myself, I whispered a little prayer that Jacobo might one day be a priest.

Sr. Mary Monica, W.S.



MISSIONARY JOYS



One of
the
numerous
class rooms

Trusting it will please our readers we are publishing a letter of the Superior of our mission of Issavi, Central Africa.

* * *

SOME TIME has already passed since the reception of your parcel; yet it is only today that I find time to tell you how much happiness it brought to our children. We are keeping the beautiful pictures for wedding presents for our young girls. They are always very much pleased to have a picture of the Sacred Heart or our Blessed Mother for their home. In return for all the joy you caused us, I would like to share with you the consolations with which the Divine Master condescends to gratify His Missionaries in our flourishing Mission.

Issavi is very densely populated. The Catholics alone actually number over twenty-six thousand. Two White Fathers and five native priests not only administer to the people of Issavi but also take care of the Catholics in the outlying villages. Still it is only a part of their ministry. Conversions being numerous, every three months from five hundred to a thousand and more natives are received into the True Fold.

Two years of catechumenate generally pre-

ceded by two years of postulate are required of the Negroes before their reception into the Church. This time of instruction and trial is never abridged, except in case of death; it is rather prolonged especially for the Bat-toutsi Chiefs.

All the catechetical instructions are given at the mission Center; however, an exception is made for those who have more than three hours' walk to Issavi. These catechumens come only once a week to the Mission, but they receive daily instructions from the Catechist of their respective village and special instructions at the Missionary's visit.

Two weeks previous to the date of the ceremony, all the catechumens, who have terminated their time of probation, come to the mission to be examined. Those who pass make a three days' retreat, during which they receive three instructions a day, recite the rosary, and make the Way of the Cross. Moreover, in order to help the future neophytes to overcome their natural repugnance and their superstitious fear of the dead, they are obliged to clean and repair the cemetery during their free time.

The day for which the catechumens yearned eagerly—the day which they thought would never come—dawns at last. Though

the Sacrament of Life is not administered until after the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been offered, at sunrise, the happy elect of the day are already in their places. Each man has his chosen godfather, while each woman is escorted by her godmother to be. To keep the large number of converts in order, lines, corresponding to the number of priests available, are drawn on the large square opposite the church and each one has his assigned place.

When the first part of the ceremony is over outside, each priest offers the end of his stole to the first one on his line and those who are receiving the Sacrament, take one another's hand to enter the church. How touching and inspiring it is to witness five or six lines of neophytes—new soldiers of Christ—thus entering the church in perfect order.

The purifying water having been poured and the last rites of the Sacrament having been given, the King of Kings, who deigns to remain a Prisoner in the tabernacle for the comfort and strength of His followers, is taken from His prison of love so that He may bless His new subjects who courageously abandoned the superstitious religious beliefs of their ancestors to serve Him—the One True God.

The rest of the day is spent in congratulat-

ing one another—there is so much happiness in feeling oneself a child of God—an heir of heaven. The catechumenate first and then baptism seem to create not only a bond of friendship but also one of relationship among the new Christians, who have undergone the same time of trial and probation.

The next day is also one of rejoicing; for the Eucharistic King pays His first visit to His new attendants. During the week that follows, each morning the neophytes, accompanied by their god-parents, receive the Bread of Life in order to fortify themselves for the trials and difficulties that await them in more or less pagan surroundings, and which they must conquer as true soldiers of Christ.

And now allow me to give you a precise outline of the works which are confided to us—of the active part that we must take in the evangelization and christianization of the people who surround us.

Five times a week four White Sisters and seven native Sisters teach about two thousand Catholic children, over five hundred of whom follow the curriculum of the Government. Another Sister is in charge of the Catholic young girls. Being fifteen hundred in all, they are divided into groups of two hundred and fifty to three hundred, and each group comes one morning a week for lessons

At the
Dispensary



MISSIONARY JOYS

(Concluded)

and instructions. The Sister must also listen to and settle the little difficulties among them and give personal advice to the girls belonging to pagan families. Every Sunday there is a meeting for the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

The Catholic women, for whom I am responsible and who are four thousand in number, are also divided into groups; but each group comes but once every two weeks. At 8:00 A. M. they are already in their places, the majority of the women having a baby on their back. In thus continuing the instruction of the women in faith and morals and in the duties of their state of life, it not only helps them to become staunch Catholics themselves but also gives them a great influence over their pagan sisters, who convinced by good example, recognize the Catholic religion to be the true one.

Besides, four times a year we prepare a group of children for their first Holy Communion; after which, the boys attend school at the Fathers'.

Then, too, we cannot neglect the suffering portion of the Fold. Every morning two Sisters with three native helpers take care of the three hundred and more patients who come to the dispensary to have their wounds dressed or to receive medical care. On Tuesdays, the day of hypodermic injections, the Sisters are also occupied in the afternoon. The other days, they visit the sick at domicile.

The teachers devote the afternoon to the instruction of the catechumens. There are three classes for the little boys and girls and four for the young girls and women, whose religious instruction is confided to us. Moreover, twice a week we have the old people, who have abandoned paganism to become the children of the One Good God; and I must admit, they are not the least interesting. It is marvelous how divine grace seconds the good will of these poor souls who have been bent down under the tyranny of Satan.

Yes, work is intense, in our dear mission, but we do not forget those who afar off, are helping us to reap the harvest. Sacrifice, suffering, what merit known to God alone, forming the treasure from which the Lord of the Harvest draws for the redemption of His captive souls.

Continue to help us with your prayers and sacrifices; and, though you are not taking an active part in our apostolic labors, you will, nevertheless, share in their merit.

Echoes from Africa

"Why was the Blessed Virgin conceived without sin?" asked the Teacher to a little Negress.

"Sister, because if the Blessed Virgin had original sin on her soul the angels could have said to her: 'We are better than you. We are without sin.' Then she would not have been Queen of the Angels."

* * *

The children had rice for dinner and Matala does not like it.

"Matala, why do you not eat your rice?"

"Sister, it is not nice."

"Eat it just the same to please Jesus, who had nothing but vinegar to drink on the cross."

Soon the rice was eaten and Matala, taking the Sister's crucifix, kissed it saying:

"Pardon me, Jesus."

* * *

The children were glad to be back to school; they were tired of vacation time. When the Father Superior met the little ones, he asked them what they did the first morning of the new term and one youngster answered:

"We oiled the wheels of our minds because they got rusty during vacation time."

* * *

The King of Shima, writing to his daughter, who was at the mission school, to announce the death of her mother said:

"You need not come home because it is not your mother's fault if she died, but Adam's. If he had not sinned, we would not know death."

This pagan king has sixteen wives and does not know much about our religion, but he probably thought his letter would console his daughter.

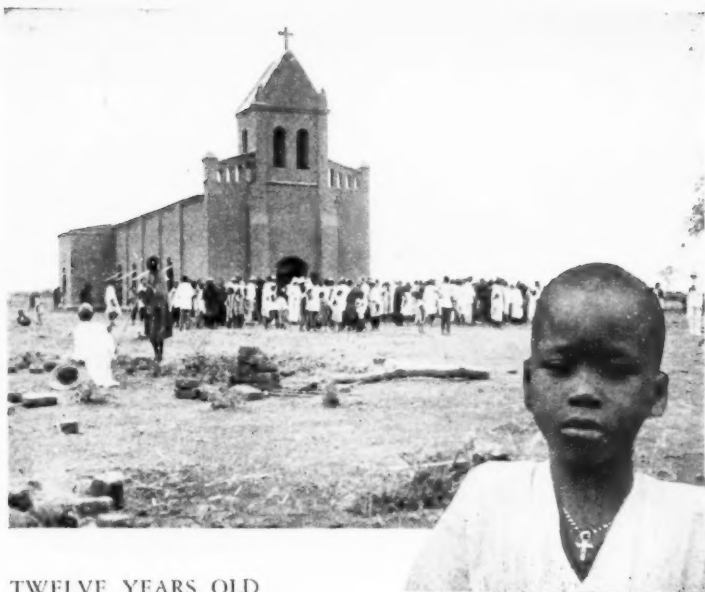
* * *

A young man has a very bad wound on his leg that prevents him from moving; and it is obvious, it will soon bring him to his grave.

"Poor Luca," said the Sister nurse, "are you not tempted to murmur at times when you suffer so much?"

"No, Father Superior told me suffering, when well accepted, prepares one for heaven. Why then should I complain?"

What
Would
We
Do??



SIMON WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD and lived a long way from the mission. If he left home on Friday morning, it was not until Saturday night that he arrived at the church to go to confession.

Once he made the journey at a great feast; and when he reached the mission station, there was such a crowd that he got lost in it. He could not get to confession. It was only the day after the feast that one of the Missionaries met him.

"What is the matter, Simon?" the Missionary asked, for the boy looked so drawn and thin.

Tears filled his eyes as he said: "Father, I arrived the eve of the feast, but I have not yet been to confession. There were so many around the confessionals, that I could not get there, and I have nothing to eat."

"But how did you come to leave home without food for the journey? You knew what a long way you had to come."

"Father, you know my father is a pagan. It is a whole month since I came to the mission. When I asked permission to leave in time to get here for the feast, he refused and said I had to keep the monkeys away from the sorgho. I insisted and said I must go to

confession; but my father beat me and told my mother not to give me anything to eat. The next day I pleaded with him to let me go to the mission. 'Go then,' he said, 'but you will have nothing to take with you.' I ran to tell the Catechist. He gave me all the bananas he had. They lasted for two days, but yesterday I had nothing to eat and nothing this morning. I do not know anyone here. I want to go to confession and Communion. What shall I do?"

Touched at the pathetic little story, the Missionary heard his confession and gave him the Bread of Life. Then when Simon had finished his Thanksgiving, Father took him for a good meal and supplied him with food for his journey home.

Simon's case is not a rare one. Many boys and girls have the same difficulties, unless their parents are also Catholics. Then the father and mother leave home with their little family, sometimes five or six children; and it is no easy matter to take food for so many. Besides, children cannot walk very fast; so that the family may be four or five days on the way.

What a real effort and sacrifice to receive the Sacraments! . . . what would we do?



THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR MARY AND JOSEPH, NO ROOM FOR THE INFANT JESUS, WHO CAME TO SAVE MANKIND ON THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

OH, IF YOU HAD BEEN THERE, HOW HAPPY YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN TO GIVE SHELTER AND CARE TO THE NEW BORN SAVIOR!

BUT FOR JESUS TIME IS ALWAYS PRESENT; AND WHAT YOU DO FOR THE LEAST OF HIS BRETHREN, HE CONSIDERS AS DONE FOR HIMSELF.

WILL YOU NOT THEN HELP TO SHELTER AND CARE FOR THE INFANT JESUS IN THE PERSON OF HIS ABANDONED AFRICAN CHILDREN?

THOUSANDS OF THESE LITTLE ONES DEPEND ON THE WHITE SISTERS FOR SHELTER, FOOD AND CLOTHING. AN OFFERING TO HELP MAINTAIN THEM WILL BE MOST GRATEFULLY RECEIVED AND WHAT WILL OUR BLESSED MOTHER NOT DO FOR YOU IN RETURN FOR THE KIND CONSIDERATION YOU WILL HAVE SHOWN HER DIVINE BABE IN THE PERSON OF HER POOR LITTLE AFRICANS!

